



High o'er the fen the shielding verdure shoots,
And hides the marshy rankness at the roots;
The passing glance a waving plain beholds,
Nor marks the wat'ry waste the green enfolds;
Thus pleasing prospects charm the distant eye,
But fade and tarnish as the gaze draws nigh;
Thus sceptered pomp, magnificently bright,
Turns gross and tawdry to the closer sight.
Judge not the world by wealth of outward show,
But test the firmness of the soil below!

[image]

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